The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Optanda Mors eſt ſine metu mortis Mori. Senec. *Trag.*

From Monday December 19, to Wednesday December 21, 1709.

Lucinda's Day.

From Arteſia's *Lodgings, December* 18.

I Am not very Superſtitious, and yet I have often obſerved, that I can never Dream of Matrimony, but Miſchief attends it, and quickly after I meet with ſomething or other to trouble me. Laſt *Sunday* Night I Dream'd that I was to be Married to a Rich Old Gentleman, which made me very Melancholy all the Morning; as ſoon as I had Dined, in hopes to divert my ſelf, I went to ſee my Siſter *Arteſia*. Having knock'd at the Door, the Maid, who in a hurry open'd it, look'd as if ſhe had been frighted out of her Wits, ſeeing me, *O! Madam, my Miſ*—— ſaid ſhe, quite out of Breath, and in the mean time leaving me to my ſelf, with a Vinegar Cruit in her Hand ſhe flew Upſtairs like Lightning. I knew the Wench to be a very obliging Servant, and ſtriving to find out a Reaſon for what I had ſeen and heard, between Study and Surprize I made what haſte I could after her. Being come into the Room where my Siſter is uſed to receive Company, I ſaw above a Dozen of People very buſy, and all differently employed, ſeemingly in a great Conſternation; with my Looks as well as Words I enquired ſeveral times after the ſad Occaſion, but met with no body that had leiſure enough to give me a coherent Anſwer: Several Gentlewomen ſpoke at once, of which I could underſtand Nothing, till being very attentive, I heard one call for Cold Water, another for a pair of Sciſſars, which with—— *Dead*, —— *Hartſhorn*,—— *the Squire*,—— *Surgeon*,—— and Three or Four more which I have forgot, were all the Words I could pick out of the confuſed meddle of Voices I heard. An Elderly Gentlewoman with ſomething Liquid in a large Beer Glaſs, bruſh'd by me, and ſpilling at every Step ſhe made, in great Precipitation haſten'd to the further end of the Room, the very Moment I ſaw an Old Nurſe that has lived near Forty Years in our Family, with a piece of burning and ſmoaking Blue Tape in her Hand, run to the ſame Place, where ſeeing Seven or Eight Ladies in a knot, ſurround ſomething which I could not ſee, I concluded from the whole, that ſome Gentleman or other that was come to ſee my Siſter, had been taken Ill, and was thought either *Dead* or a *Dying*. All the things I have related were done ſo ſuddenly, and happen'd ſo much at the ſame time, that from my firſt entring the Room it was not the tenth part of a Minute but I was among them, and made one of the knot. Having continued all the while to ask what was the Matter, a Young Lady that was taller than I, holding a long Bottle in her Hand, anſwer'd me,—— *Hungary Water*; *Madam*; but thinking ſhe knew the Voice, and immediately after looking over her Shoulder, *Ah! dear Madam, your Siſter*—— Upon this room was preſently made me, and to my unſpeakable Grief, I ſaw that the Perſon for whom all this Concern was ſhew'd, was my Siſter *Arteſia*: She was held upright in a Chair had her Eyes ſhut, and without either Colour or Motion look'd like Death itſelf. Two Ladies rubb'd her Temples with *Hungary Water*, as many held *Hartſhorn* to her Noſtrils; one threw Vinegar in her Face, another half drowned her with Cold Water, and a Third on her Knees was cutting the Lace of her Stays behind her, whilſt Old Nurſe plyed her with the burning Tape, and made Smoak enough, if ſome body had not opened one of the Saſhes, to have ſtifled us all. I was ſeized with ſo much Sorrow and Amazement, that I muſt have ſwooned away my ſelf, if within a very little time of my looking on her firſt, by her fetching Two or Three deep Sighs, I had not been aſſured that ſhe was Alive: It was not long after this but opening her Eyes, to the great Joy of all the Company, ſhe recovered.

I never knew my Siſter have any Fits before, and ſeeing every body ſeated, I was going to ask if any thing extraordinay had happen'd to *Arteſia*, when the Old Gentlewoman that had been ſo buſy with the Cold Water, drawing her Chair near me, prevented me thus: I doubt *Madam*, ſaid ſhe, with a low Voice, your Siſters Diſtemper is Love; a Young Gentleman that came from th' other end of the Town about half an Hour ago, brought the News, that *Squire Bickerſtaff* was Dead: Your Siſter had no ſooner heard it, but ſhe fainted away. The Young Gentleman ſeeing how ſhe took it to Heart, was ſorry for what he had ſaid, and upon the advice of ſome of us, is ſince, as I ſuppoſe, gone to look for a Surgeon.—— In the mean time my Siſter was gone with her Maid to pull off her Wet Cloaths, and the Gentleman being come back, had already to the Company expreſs'd his Joy for *Arteſia*'s Recovery, when addreſſing himſelf to me, he begg'd Pardon for having been the Occaſion of my Siſter's Diſorder. I ask'd him, what certainty he had of the deplorable Tyding he brought us, and was anſwer'd, *oh! Madam*, that the great *Bickerſtaff* is deceaſed, is too true, he has been dead almoſt a Fortnight, it is in every body's Mouth: Two Hours ago I was at St. *James's* Coffee-houſe, where I ſaw abundance of the Quality very Dull, and every body in Mourning, the Grief which People of all Ranks that have an Eſteem for Learning or Virtue ſhew upon his Account, is not to be expreſs'd. Some Friends of mine have ſuſpected it from Three or Four of his latter Papers; but the *Tatler*

lers of Thursday and *Saturday* last have put it beyond all doubt; and to confirm his Death and the Nations Loss, I can give you another undeniable Proof: Last *Friday* Morning coming from the upper end of the *Mall*, I turn'd in to the first Passage of St *James's*, that which leads towards my *Lord Treasurer's*; whence I saw Mr *Bickerstaff* going to the Corner of St *James's*-Street.

It was a great Fog, yet the Squire wore his Hat under his Left Arm, and as if that side had been Lame, all the Streets of his Gate was laid upon the other; he stoop'd very much forward, and whenever his Right Foot came to the Ground, which was always set down with a more than ordinary and affected force, his Cane with a great vibration of the Arm, struck the Stones, whilst a violent Jirk of his Head kept time with the latter. I observed several besides my self, that took notice of this strange Singularity, which no body could imagine to proceed from less than either Madness or Dispair.—— Seeing that most of the Company began to Laugh, the Gentleman heighthen'd his Voice, and looking with a more serious Countenance than before, It is not to be conceived *Ladies*, said he, how any *Wise Man alive* that had been such an implacable Enemy to all Singularities and mimick Postures, and writ so Learnedly concerning the use of the Cane, could make such a Ridiculous Figure of himself in the Street, at the very Moment that his *os homini Sublime*, &c. was a Printing. What Mortal can think, than any *Honest Pains taking Man alive*, that was so well paid as the *Squire* was, would fill his Paper with a Transcription of Sr *Francis Bacon's* instead of his own more acceptable Lucubrations? But above all, what *Virtuous Man alive* that pretends to give Council to People in Love, would advise 'em to go to a Whore, as was done in the *Tatler* of *Thursday* last? —— *Wisdom*, *Virtue* and *Labourlousness*, have always been inseparable from the famous *Bickerstaff*, but if the Characters that have first recommended him to the Publick, and by which only he was known to the World, are no more to be found in those Works that go under his Name, the Author is Dead, and the Papers are Spurious.

The Ladies were highly pleased with the Gentleman's Gravity, one talk'd of his Walking after his Death, another about his Interment, and several were of Opinion, that the deceased *Squire* would hardly submit to a Funeral of his own Invention; a young Lady said that considering how great an Admirer he had been of Glory, she thought nothing would sooner invite him to his Rest, than a fine Marble Tombe, with a noble Inscription in *Westminster-Abby*; but the Gentleman that had brought the News of his Death, told her, that as his Merit had been extraordinary, so something ought to be thought on that way uncommon; and that if the Publick for the *Squire's* Monument, would make use of Loadstone instead of Marble, he would pawn his Life it would draw him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jug Publish'd the Second Edition of.

*** A Brief Account of the Woollen Manufactory of England, with Relation to the Prejudice it receives by the Clandestine Exportation of Wool from Ireland into France. To which is added, an Appendix. Sold by Dryden Leach, in Elliot's Court, in the Little Old Baily.

SIR William Read, Her Majesty's Oculist in Durham-yard in the Strand, London by his long Practice, and great Experience, has lately found out a Medicine that clarifies the Eyes from Suffusions, which infallibly prevents Cataracts in the Beginning, and preserves the Sight in Old or Young, provided they apply themselves to him before damaged by Pretenders as has been too fatally experienc'd by many to their great Misfortune; he likewise couches Cataracts without Pain or much Confinement, as will be attested by many Persons of Quality and others that have found the good Effect thereof. He also cures Hair Lips or Wry Necks, tho' never so deformed; or contracted Limbs, and has lately taken several Wens of a great Bigness; particularly one lately from a Gentlewoman that weigh'd 29 Pounds, without any Effusion of Blood, after the Applicatiod of his Styptick Water, which any Person may be furnish'd with at his House, with the Medicines for the Eyes above-mention'd.

THe delightful Chymical Liquor for the Breath, Teeth and Gums, which in a moment makes the most Nauseous Breath smell delicately fine and charming, and in very little time infallibly Cures, so that an offensive Breath will not return; it certainly makes the blackest and most foul Teeth perfectly white, clean and beautiful to a miracle; Cures the Scurvy in the Gums, tho never so inveterate, making the best Flesh grow again, when almost Eaten away, and infallibly fastens loose Teeth to admiration, even in Old People, who too often falsly think their Age to be the Occasion. In short, for delightfully Perfuming and quickly curing an Ill-scented Breath, for presently making the blackest Teeth most excellently white, certainly fastening them when loose, effectually preserving them from rotting or decaying, and assuredly curing the Scurvy in the Gums, it has not its equal in the Universe, as abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienced. Is sold at Mr Payn's, a Toy-shop at the Angel and Crown in St Pauls Church Yard near Cheapside, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

THE Famous Chymical Quintissence of Bohee Tea and Cocoa-Nuts together, wherein the Volatile Salt, Oil and Spirit of them both, are chymically extracted and united, and in which all the Virtues of both Tea and Nut are essentially inherent, and is really a pleasant, refreshing Preparation, found, upon Experience, to be the highest Restorative that either Food or Physick affords; for by it all Consumptive Habits, Decays of Nature, inward Wastings, weakly, thin, or emaciated Constitutions, Coughs, Asthma's, Ptysicks, Loss of Appetite, &c. are to a Miracle retriev'd, and the Body, Blood, and Spirits powerfully corroborated and restored. A few Drops of it, in a Dish of Bohee Tea or Chocolate, is the most durable Breakfast or Supper, and Quavies, for Virtue and Nourishment, 20 Dishes of either without it; nothing being more nutritive and supporting. Likewise to strengthen the Back, prevents Miscarriages, cause Procreation and Conception, it is beyond all Medicines, as those that once take it will find, and scarce ever live without it. It is also the only sure Cure for Vapours and Melancholly; for those Diseases being occasioned by the Poorness of the Blood and Spirits, this Quintissence cures, by its enriching and enlivening Properties. It is sold only at Mr Laurences, a Toy Shop, at the Sign of the Grifin, the Corner of Bucklersbury, in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle, with Printed Directions.

THe most immediate and real Anodine Elixir for the Gripes, Chollick and Wind ever known; the first Dose instantly expels the Wind and gives Ease, the second or third effectually carries off the Cause that the Patient is well, and that whether the Body is Costive or Loose, and whether the Humours are in the Stomach, Bowels or both. In the Gripes and Nervous Chollicks that cause Lameness in the Limbs, like the West India Gripes, it is the most present Remedy in the World, as also for all Pains in the Stomach or Back, rising in the Throat, stitches in the Sides, windy or flatulent Pains in the Limbs, &c. Is sold for 3 s. 6 d. the Bottle, at the Golden Key in Wartons Court near Holbourn Bars, with Directions.

THe Pulmonick Essence for all sorts of Coughs and Colds, being the most effectual Medicine ever yet made use of; it infallibly curing them in Old or Young, tho never so violent or of long standing: It admirably relieves Consumptions, Asthmatical, Pthysical Coughs, and perfectly removes Hoarseness, Wheezings, shortness of Breath, and in short all Distempers of the Lungs whatsoever; and not only restores and strengthens them, but defends them from Defluxions and Distillations or Rheum, which by falling thereon would soon cause Consumptions 'Tis exceeding pleasant and comfortable, and may be taken going abroad in the sharpest Weather, without the least fear or danger of Cold. Is sold only (to prevent Counterfeits) at Jaob's Coffee-house in Threadneedle-street near the Royal Exhange, London, 2 s. 6d. the Bottle, sealed up with Directions.

THe Famous Royal Essence for the Hair of the Head, Perriwigs, &c. being the most delightfully charming Perfume in Nature, excellently beneficial to Health, and the best Preserver of Hair in the World, keeping that of Perriwigs in the Curl, and all Hair from fading or changing Colour; makes the Hair of the Head grow thick, strengthens and comforts its Roots, and infallibly keeps it from falling off, or splitting at the Ends. By its incomparable Perfume it strengthens the Brain, revives the Spirits and quickens the Memory, but never raises the Vapours in Ladies; it also Scents Handkerchiefs excellently. Since it has been so exceedingly admir'd and valu'd by the Nobility and Gentry, it has been basely counterfeited, therefore take Notice that the true is to be had only at Mr Alcrafts, a Toy-shop at the Blue Coat Boy against the Royal Exchange in Cornhil, at 2 s. the Bottle with Directions,

PIlls for the Eye-sight, experienced for many years to be of peculiar and noted Efficacy, in carrying off all Humours, Inflamations, Sednes, &c. which fall upon the Eyes and occasion Dimness, weakness of Sight and Blindness. Eye-waters and such like outward Applications, may do much to some by palliating, (tho to many they do hurt) but these Pills carry off the Cause, and preserve the Sight strong and clear, and the Eyes free from all Defluxious Humours, &c. whatsoever; they are very safe and Friendly, may be taken by the weakest Person at any Season of the Year. Those that take them will have cause to recommend them. Sold only at Mr Spooners at the Golden Half Moon in Lemon street in Goodman's Fields, at 3 s. 6d. the Box with Directions.

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